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THE
INFERNAL
WANDERER,

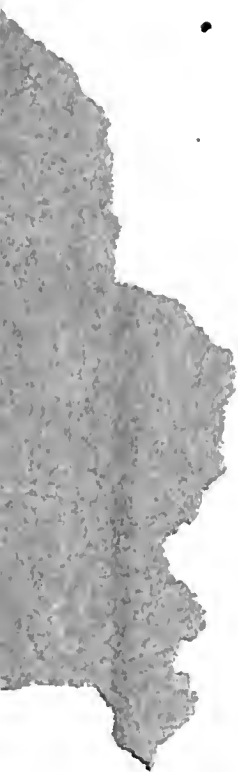
OR; THE
DEVIL

Ranging upon

EARTH.



L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year M DCC II.



THE INFERNAL WANDERER,

O R;

The Devil Ranging upon Earth.



THE Sable Monarch of the Subterranean Dominions, having with wonderful Alacrity receiv'd the News of the Wars and Confusions which are now on foot among his Christian Enemies in the upper World, hath of late thought fit upon the Joyful Tidings thereof, to proclaim a Jubilee for a whole Year thro' the vast Extent of his Infernal Territories, his Penal Laws are suspended for the Time, his Fire's extinguish'd, the Furies lay aside their Scorpion Scourges, and a general Cessation of all Punishments are graciously commanded thro' his Sultry Regions. This favourable Interval having not only given Ease to the miserable Souls of convicted Sinners, but also Liberty to their Tormentors to rest from their Labours, ever since the Fall of Man; I having been doom'd one of that unhappy Order, was always too strictly confin'd to incessant Business to have Leave or Leisure to travel amongst Human Kind, and view Heavens Favourites in their mortal State. But of late being respited from my Nocturnal Drudgery, I obtain'd a License to behold the Light and inspect the Actions of that Noble Creature, whose Happiness and Perfections have been long eclipsed by our envious Fraternity.

In order for my Towering flight, I prun'd my pointed Wings, and par'd my Cloven Hoofs, to perform my Journey upwards with the more Facility, then passing thro' the Avenues of Night, and blundering into Earth's dark Bowels, where nauseous Fumes were labouring for a Vent, and clashing Rivers met and roar'd like Thunder. I came at last to a long narrow Cavern, which by the Help of pressing Winds behind me, spew'd me out into a World of Water, where a faint Light I first beheld, that shew'd me various Monsters ploughing round me, more terrible than those I left in the Abyss of Misery; I

still ascended with my utmost Power, to reach the distant Surface of this Aqueous Region, where scaly Princes had their several Dominions; and as I higher climb'd, the Light more perfect grew, and every Object was the more perceptible. In a little time by the Celerity of my Flight I penetrated the profound Ocean, and shot my self of a suddain betwixt Wind and Water, where Mountain Waves were Batt'ling with each other, and every Billow foam'd with active fury; I view'd the distant Heavens, from whence at first I fell; Admir'd their Glory with a deep Remorse, and Curs'd that Proud Rebellion, which had cast me down from being a Sharer in their Happiness: I rais'd my self upon the Wing from the raging Seas, and hover'd in the mighty Space, a towering Height to discover Land, but kept within the limits of the Grosser Air, lest by approaching Heaven too near, I should provoke the Highest Power to Remand me back to Punishment.

At last my Eyes beheld the wish'd for Sight, but some parts seem'd so Sundry'd, Desolate, and Barren, that I was unwilling to descend upon *Terra firma* till I had flown round the Globe and taken a general View of the whole Earth, that I might chuse to spend the Time my Master had spar'd me, in the most pleasant, populous and wealthy Country, where an Infernal Stranger was most likely to enjoy the greatest Luxury, and meet with the most agreeable Conversation. Of all the Nations I beheld beneath me, none for the Fertility of its Soil, the Sumptuousness of its Cities, the Number of its People, and the Pleasantness of its Climate, seem'd able to compare with a little Island I discover'd to be *England*, whose Beautiful out-side soon tempted me to descend; and always being us'd to much Company, I have chosen the most Populous City to reside in; and because I am a merry Devil, that has nothing else to do but to please my self with such Pranks as my Fancy most leads me to, and having the Advantage of spiritual Eyes, and an invisible Form to pry into the Intrigues of others, as well as to manage my own; whilst I remain among Mortals, I shall give them an Account once in a Month of such Adventures and Occurrences, as I hope will tend to the publick Diversion of the Town. To which I shall proceed.

When first my invisible Form descended into *London-Streets*, the Beauty of Mankind, and Stateliness of their Earthly Habitations, appear'd to me like a delightful Paradise Inhabited by Angels, that I gaz'd around me with wonderful Satisfaction, and almost thought my self restor'd to my Primitive State of Happiness, but having yet no more than a superficial Glance of these Heavenly Images, I thought it necessary for my better Information to take the first Opportunity that happen'd in my way, of Examining the inside of some of these Felicitous Mortals, who appear'd outwardly to be all Amity and Innocence. As I was thus ruminating with my self, and gliding along the Pav'd Stones in the City, I happen'd to stumble upon a grave looking Gentleman about the Age of Forty, who stood Gaping up towards the Heavens to guess the Hour by the Sun, I popp'd into his Mouth as his lower Jaw hung loose, and crept into his Conscience, where I found at least Three hundred of my Infernal Acquaintance Laughing, and as merry as so many Bantering Devils in an *Avernian Cave*, when they have Trepan'd a Saint into their unlucky Company; in the Name of *Lucifer*. Said I, How came such a Cluster of you here, within these sully'd Confines? You swarm as if
you

you had a Mind to make a Bee-Hive of a Man's Conscience. Poh! poh, reply's some of them, you see the Barn's big enough to hold as many more upon Occasion. We keep our Revels here fix Days in the Week; and if you will bear us Company till to Morrow, you will find we have Work enough, I'll warrant you. I took their Advice, and thought it the best way to continue in good Quarters, which I had not been possesst of long, but he carry'd us about the City from Coffee-house to Coffee-house, and hunted after News upon the Taking of *Caschwaert*, like a Hog after Apples in a high Wind; whilst we rid as snug in the good Man's Bosom, as so many hundred of Pears in a Hawker's Wheel Barrow, tho' he knew well enough we were there yet he was very tender of disturbing us with Religious Thoughts or Heavenly Meditations, because he found we always had a special Regard to his worldly Interest; to which, and a few private Vices, as my Brethren inform'd me he had sacrific'd both Soul and Body; besides he wisely consider'd we his Bosom Friends had as great a Kindness for good Thoughts, as the Devil has for holy Water. When he had addled his Brains with a general Survey of all the News Papers, and stuff'd his Memory with the Articles of the Surrender, commended the *Dutch* for their Politicks, the *Germans* for their Courage, and branded the *French* King with half a Dozen Mouthfuls of Infamy; He knocks out the Ashes of his Tobacco, rences the Soot out of his Chimney with a Dishful of *Mahometism*, bids the last Coffee house good Night, and so to his Lodgings, where, after he had cheated the Creator with a long dissembling Prayer, and corrected the Crudities of his Stomach with about half a Pint of Salubrious *Nants*, which always waited his leisure by his Bed-side; He submitted himself to his Pillow, and compos'd himself to sleep, whilst we crept up and down the Fibres of his Brains, like Saylor's about the Rigging of a Ship in bad Weather, and made him dream of Money, Women, Wine, and all the vicious Delights imaginable, that might raise loose Appetites, and incline him to be wicked in the Morning; Thus we operated upon his wakeful Imagination, tho' he was sleeping, and skipt as merrily about his Brains, as if the Devil had kept a Dancing School in his Skull; when he awak'd in the Morning he found Nature was on Tit-up, and notwithstanding it was *Sunday*, his Thoughts were full wicked enough without our further Assistance; when he had open'd his Eyes, then he open'd his Mouth, his Words were Spiritual, but his Thoughts were Fleishly; and tho' he lay upon his Back, yet he pray'd standing, and thank'd Providence that he found his Body in so healthful a Condition; up he got, drank a Dram, then Drest, and covering his Infirmities with a Sable Cloak, he hurry'd us away thro' a Parcel of Alley's, and brought us at last to a Wooden Tabernacle, where he skip'd up into a little Prattle Box, and there we left him and crept into the Ears of his Female Audienc'e, for to one Man there were ten Women. 'Twas my Fortune to pop into a pretty Widow, who I found pray'd heartily in her Thoughts that she might keep her Reputation in the Eyes of the World, for that a good Name was better than precious Ointment. The Master of this Religious School, when ascended up into his little elevated Pinfold, after screwing his natural Countenance into a terrible Aspect, and groaning out about half an Hour's *Ex tempore* Precation, he fell a Raving against Episcopacy, Pluralities, Infant-Baptism, and the like; then threatening the at-

tentive Crowd with Damnation, and comforting them up again with the Cordial of Salvation, he concluded with an after Grace, and so the People dispers'd. I being got safe into the Widow's warm Bosom, was unwilling to quit my delightful Quarters, so bore her Company Home, having the whole Possession of her Conscience as well as Concupiscence; my self, for one Devil, you must know, can do more with one Widow than twenty can do with a Chast Virgin, or an honest Wife. By that time she was got to her Lodgings, I had ransack'd her Brains, but found not one Word of her Teacher's Admonitions remaining in her Memory; from whence I foresaw I should have but little Trouble to bring her to any Compliance; she retir'd to her Chamber with abundance of seeming Devotion: but all her *Evenings Thanksgivings* were, that Death had taken away her first Husband, and all her Prayers were, that Heaven would send her a kind Second; after she had refresh'd Nature with a Supper, her Maid assisted her to Bed; and all the Night long she dream'd of nothing but the good Man her Teacher. Thought I, here must be something extraordinary in this Matter, which I am resolv'd I'll discover before I part with her. Upon which I transform'd my self into a Flea, benibbling her Breach to some purpose, and every time she scratch'd where it Itch'd, all her Cry was, O! Now for a good Bedfellow. Thus I tormented her all Night, and made her play with her Fingers upon her Backside, as if her Musical Bum had been a Pair of Virginals. She had not been up above an Hour in the Morning, but who should make her a Visit to give her a little Christian Consolation, but the Pastor of the Flock; upon which the Maid knowing she was now entitled to a holy Day, ask'd Leave to go see the Lions in the Tower, which was presently granted her without any Objection. No sooner was the Girl dispatch'd, but the *Anabaptist Father* laid aside his upper Garment, because he would not thresh in his Cloak, and began to be so busie about his Buxsome Daughter, that I found they were both wickedly inclin'd enough without my further Influence; So that tho' I was a Devil hearing, 'twas a Scandalous Office; I flew out at the Chamber thro' a broken Pane of Glass, to avoid the slander of Pimping.

Thus bolting thro' the Window, descending again into the Street, I happen'd to tumble into an Old Woman's Basket, who was Crying of Mutton Pyes hot, hot, hot; she never felt me, for you must know, we Spirits are no more pondrous than a Rabbit's Scut. I soon crept under the Cloth that cover'd her Ware, for the Benefit of the Warmth; for always living in a hot Country, in these cold Regions, I found my self a little Chilly; I therefore div'd into one of the Three Penny Confiners, thro' the Hole where they pour in the Gravy, and there lay swaddled up in my Dough back'd Mansion among fat Rumps and lean Kidneys, as warm as a Cricket in a Baker's Oven. I had not been there above Three Minutes, but a Journeyman Shoemaker popping his Leather-bound Noddle out of a Garret Window at the Corner of St. Martins, Call'd Pyes; upon which the Woman stopt till her Customer came down Stairs to examine her Wicker Pastry Shop. I resolv'd whoever bought my Pallace, should have the Devil of a Bargain; but he happen'd to miss my Tenement, and chose another: So she mov'd on Crying her Ware, till she came to the Entrance of an Alley that went into *Paul's Church-Yard*, about the Middle of which Place,

Place, three or four hungry Mantua-Makers peep'd out two Pair of Stairs high, all looking as sharp as if they had just been Contriving how to Cabbage Purfes and Pin-Cushions out of their Customers Gowns and Petticoats : They all Squaul'd out after their old *Pye Woman*, like so many Furies, as if they thought themselves in Danger, had she gone by, of loosing their Dinners. These also happen'd to escape me, tho' the Pisse-Wasted Cormorants thinn'd the Basket wonderfully. At last Strolling along till she came to *Ludgate Prison* ; a Broken Shopkeeper, who was in for Debt, chanc'd to prove my Purchaser. Down I went with the very first Mouthful, and finding him within side such a poor, empty honest Fellow, I did not wonder that he had brought himself into so unhappy a Condition ; his Brains were as soft as Silk, for I found his Thoughts run upon nothing but Bengalls and Persians, by which I discover'd he was an unfortunate Mercer, who had lost his own Credit by Trusting of Quality. I stept up into his Eyes, on purpose to peep about me, and saw my self surrounded by such a Crowd of Smoak'd-dry'd Mortals, that I was quite amaz'd ; Some wrapt up in Ragged Gowns, old Fustion Frocks, and Greasy Coats, Pinn'd on before with Scewers instead of Buttons, others covering their uncomb'd Heads with Brimless Hats, or Napkin Night-Caps dy'd with Mundungus Fumes, of a Saffron Colour, their Breaths stinking when they spoke, so strong of Nasty *Oronoka*, as if their Stomachs had been Kilns to burn foul Pipes, and their Throats the Chimneys to convey away the Smoak. This place I thought as bad as Hell it self, and the Inhabitants so strangely disfigur'd, that they look'd as frightful as Devils. I had quickly enough of this Sort of Company ; for I found most of 'em as wicked as my self, and therefore had little need of a Temptator. Upon which I jump'd thro' the Grate of the Begging Window under the Arch, and chanc'd to fall thro' the Chink into the Prisoners Money-Box, but found it so empty that I could not forbear thinking, if any thing damn'd this Magnificent City, it must be the want of Charity. I thought it a great Dishonour for so Generous a Spirit as a Devil to be caught Picking of the Poor's Box, so made as quick a Repassage as I could into the open Air, lest some Liberal Doctor of the holy Law should have stopt up the Cranny with a Crown Piece, and have pounded my Devilship within the Iron Arca ; but have since found I was more afraid than Hurt, for that the Charity of the Church loves Home so well, it seldom comes abroad a Visiting.

Having often heard in our Smoaky Territories that Wine was the best Friend King *Lucifer* had in the upper World, I had a great desire to see what sort of Temptation this was, that the Generality of Mankind were so much bewitch'd to. Accordingly to oblige my self, I Skip'd into the next Tavern, trip'd up Stairs after a Drawer, who little thought the Devil was behind him, follow'd him into a Room, where a Parcel of Inebrious Mortals had encompass'd a round Table, and were so warmly engag'd in a Controversy about Religion, that they were ready to enter into a holy War, to decide by Blows, what by the force of Words they were unable to determine. I found them such devout Christians for all they were Drunkards, that no man would take off his Wine till he had sanctify'd his Juice with a Canonical Health, for most of them had put themselves in a Staggering Condition,

tion, by too often repeating their good Wishes to the Church and the Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*. What a Whimsical Creature, thought I, is Man; how ridiculous, vain, and full of Contradiction, who thinks to cheat the Devil by expressing most Reverence to Religion, when he is most derogating from the Practice of it; as if committing Evil in the Name of Goodness, would extenuate the Crime, and make a sinful Freedom and Excess pass for a Generous Declaration of his Christian Principles. I found my Master, Satan was likely to have a very good Share of these Sort of Christians, who had every one as many Devils at his Elbow, as a Prince has Flatterers. They seem'd mighty Churchmen over their Wine, tho' they never thought of Religion when they were at Church, and seldom thought of the Church, but when they were in a Tavern.

I left them together in the height of their Devotion, Carcuzing of Bumpers to the Advancement of the *Englisch* Faith, and descended into the Cellar, that I might pry a little into the Mystery of Sophistication, where I found a Couple of drunken Drawers at a Hogshhead of rich *French* Wine, drinking two Bumpers in a Hand, a Health first to Jolly *Bacchus*, then to the Best in Christendom. I was mightily pleas'd with this dusky Laborynth of good Liquor; it look'd so much like some of our Low-Country Habitations, being under Ground, that I could not forbear thinking it my Master *Lucifer's* Library for Pipes, Hogshheads, and Puncheons lay rang'd like *Folio's*, *Quarto's* and *Octavo's*, and Cream Cheese lay Pil'd upon hanging Shelves, instead of Manuscripts; it would prove an excellent Nursery to bring up young Poets in, for if Wine, as some Mortals believe, by causing a Jingling in the Brains, brought Rhiming first into Fashion; the very Air that's contained in this Subterranean Coney-burrow, is enough to put the greatest Block-Head in Town into a Versifying Condition: I turn'd into one little Cellar where a parcel of Rats were gather'd together upon a piece of white Muscadine, and opening the Vent with their Teeth, let one another down by their Tails to Tipple, taking it by turns, till they got so Drunk that some of them let go their hold and Drown'd several of their Companions: I turn'd out of this into a large Vault, which Stunk so confoundedly of rotten Apples that I fancy'd my self in *Herefordshire* at the latter end of *Autumn*, when every Farmers Family are labouring at the Cyder-Press; within this Arched Cavern were two or three bulky Wine Spoilers at work, Crane, Forcer, Eggs, Apple-juice and Oystershels, all busily imploy'd about mending of bad Wines, and confounding of good ones:

I left them bedeviling their imperfect Juices and preparing an Adulterous Potion to Couzen Mankind out of their Health and Money, and return'd again into the open Street, where just before a Vintner's door near *Fleet-Bridge*, a Croud of People were listning and laughing at a merry Ballad, and an Oyster Wench Scolding and Raving at the Ballad-Singers, as if more Devils had possess'd her than was at the drowning of the Herd; the Subject of the Song I soon found was an Intrigue between Miss Open-Oyster and the Vintner at whose door she had the liberty of setting her Tubs, and opening her Commodity, and because the whole Town should be as well diverted as my self I have here recited the Song for the Jest's sake, for we unlucky Spirits upon wagish occasions, have the Devil of a Memory.

A Merry New Song, call'd, *The Company Knocks behind the Bar, or ;*
A Tavern Chair will Carry Double.

AS Oyster Nan stood by her Tub,
 To shew her Vicious Inclination,
 She gave her Noblest Parts a Scrub,
 And Sigh'd for want of Copulation.

A Vintner, of no little Fame,
 Who exc'llent Red or White can sell ye,
 Beheld the little Dirty Dame
 As she stood scratching of her Belly.

Come in, says he, you silly Slut,
 'Tis now a rare convenient Minute,
 I'll lay the Itching of your Scut
 Except some greedy Devil be in it.

With that, the flat Cap'd Phubsy smil'd,
 And would have Blush'd, but that she could not ;
 Alas ! says she, we're soon beguil'd
 By Men, to do those things we shou'd not.

From Door, they went behind the Bar,
 As 'tis by common Fame reported,
 And their, upon a Turkey Chair,
 Unseen, the Loving Couple Sported.

But being call'd by Company,
 As he was taking Pains to please her,
 I'm Coming, coming, Sir, says he,
 My Dear, and so am I, says she, Sir.

Her Mole-Hill Belly swell'd about,
 Into a Mountain quickly after,
 And when the pretty Mouse crept out,
 The Creature caus'd a mighty Laughter.

And now she's learn'd the pleasing Game,
 Altho' much Pain and Shame it cost her,
 She daily ventures at the same,
 And shuts and opens like an Oyster.

The Ballad being ended, I bestir'd my cloven Stumps, and mov'd forward on the left Hand side of the way till I came to a Goldsmith's Shop, where the Metal of dissension, that sets the World at Variance, Contaminates the Palms of great Men, Corrupts the Church with Simony, the Law with Bribery, Friendship with Interest, and makes Law Mercenary, stood behind Glass Sashes ; moulded into sundry Forms to please various Fancies of Mankind, and delude them into a mistaken Worship of the glittering Idol. The Master of the ungodly

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Main-

Mammon was at Dinner with his bundle of Rue, in a little back Parlour, whose folding Doors were Carv'd and Gilt, and made as Gaudy as the Captain's Cabbin in a King's Frigate; an unlucky poor Scoundrel coming by in the Interim, whose ridiculous Behaviour render'd him between Fool and Madman, peeping thro' the Shop and seeing the loving Couple refreshing Nature at their plentiful Table, at which his hungry Stomach would have been glad to have been Sharer; partly, as I imagine, thro' Envy, and partly thro' Simplicity, he cry'd out to the Goldsmith, in an audible Voice, *Bo peep, you old Cuckold, I see your Horns*; then turn'd his Tone to *God bless you, Noble Master and Mistriss, give a poor Rogue a Crust*: The Gall'd Horse being touch'd, soon winch'd, and rising from his Table in a great Passion, bolted forward to the Shop door, with his Knife in one Hand and Fork in the other, as if he was coming to Dismantle the poor crasy Offender for his intolerable Insolence, but governing his Heat with Discretion, instead of any unbecoming Violence, he express'd himself in these Words: *You mistake the Shop, you Vagabond Rascal, you should have gone and play'd at Bo peep, Cuckold, with my Neighbour at the next Tavern, and then you had put the Saddle upon the right Horse.*

My Spiritual Form trip'd forward upon the pav'd Stones, like an *Ignis Fatuus*, cross a foggy Marsh, till I came to a Church, over-against which, liv'd a parcel of Calves-leather Mortals, who had done our Infernal Kingdom as much good by Printing, as ever was done by Preaching, which we have always look'd upon to be the two main Supporters of *Lucifer's* Interest amongst Mankind: These Venders of *Pro* and *Con*, who by a subtil Transmutation turn the Chimeras of pregnant Brains into a solid Substance, I found lov'd to hover about the Church, as Rooks about the Steeple, but whether or no they make the old Proverb good, *The nearer the Church the farther from God*, I will not presume to determine; just before their Doors were Congregated a large Family of *French* Protestants who look'd as if they were just Landed, being distinguish'd by all the marks of Poverty and Distress imaginable, before they had chang'd their Wooden Slippers into Neats-Leather Shoes, or fatted their sun-dry'd Skeletons with *English* Bounty; they all made a halt, and stood gazing and staring up at the wooden Time-servers of *St. Dunstons* Church, waiting the leisure of the two senseless Logger-Heads to perform their quarterly Duty: The Poor being the peculiar Care of God's Providence, I being a Devil, had nothing to do among them, so I shun'd their Company, as those do who are afraid of being Lousy; and mounting my self a few yards from the Ground, I pearch'd upon Times Register, the Dial, where I sat and over-look'd the Passengers with abundance of Delight, and see the busy Muck-worms crawling in Crouds upon the Earth, labouring to perform that incessant Slavery which their inordinate desire of Riches has trapan'd them into, and entail'd upon unhappy Mortals from Generation to Generation; I had not been there two Minutes, but a couple of Lazy Devils, negligent of their Master's Business in this World, possess themselves of the two striking Block-Heads, because they bore human Shape, and fancying themselves to be Mortals, they assum'd the Names of *Bowden* and *Kemp*, and began to Dialogue with one another after the following manner.

A Dialogue between the Two Loggerheads at St. Dunstan's Church.

Kemp. Pri'thee Brother *Bowden*, let's have a little Talk together, we have stood above these Twenty years as silent as a Couple of over-grown Mandrakes cut out of Brianny Roots, only our Heads and Arms move just as often as the Clock pleases; and I know no Reason, but like other Blockheads, we should take the Liberty of Wagging our Tongues a little.

Bowden. Hush, hush, Partner *Kemp*, whatever you do, don't talk so loud of our being Blockheads, for if the Booksellers on the other side of the way should happen to over-hear us, who knows but they may Petition the Parish to make Authors of us; and in my Opinion, we had much better deal in our old Commodity, and serve it out to the People as Chaundlers do their Butter and Cheefe to the Poor, that is by the Quartan. But pri'thee Brother *Kemp*, now our Mouths are open, what is it we shall talk on; for having not spoke a long time, 'twill be expected now we have broke our Twenty years Silence, we should say something to the Purpose.

Kemp. Considering we are posted in the High Street of the Town, the variety of Passengers is sufficient to afford us Matter enough to Talk on; besides you have the City just at your Back, and I have the Court at mine; an Inns of Court of one side of us, and a Church on the other, and the Devil's in it, if we can want a Subject for an Hours Tittle Tattle.

Bowden. You say well; but pray tell me what Thoughts you entertain of those Places you have mention'd. What have you heard People say of 'em as they've been passing by, perhaps your Attention and Observation has been greater than mine.

Kemp. I must confess I have heard some Passengers say the City is corrupted with Fraud and Extortion; the Court with Flattery and Bribery; the Laws with Ignorance and Favour, and the Church with Covetousness and Simony.

Bowden. Be careful Brother *Kemp*, of what you say against the Church; Don't you see there is a *Welch* Bishop going by in a plain Coach, his Servants in Purple Livery; if he should hear you scandalize the Clergy with Simony, he would so spiritualize your Jacket for you, that he'd soon make you hold your Prating.

Kemp. Na, na, if it be dangerous, I'll e'en leave off when I am well, for a little unseasonable Talk will serve to bring a Man into Trouble, when a Volume of good Words won't fetch him out again.

Bowden. That's very true; but pri'thee take Notice of yonder Loobily Porter, I observe he has stood there half a Quarter of an Hour with a heavy Burthen upon his Back, waiting, as I suppose, to see us strike the Quarters. That a great Fellow should be such a Fool to make his Shoulders do all that Penance, to see us wag our Loggerheads at one another, is a Wonder to me; but no body can imagine what unaccountable Fools this populous Town affords.

Kemp. Do but mind the Two Gentile young Fellows, who stand just by him, they are Gazing and Simpering at something, and I cannot conceive

conceive what, their Eyes seem not to be directed up towards us, but to some body beneath us.

Bowden. Now I recollect my self, I believe I can tell you who it is they are looking and laughing at; you must know, in a little Hutt just under us, there is a Jolly, brisk Girl, who has, as it is reported, a Squirrel as black as her Eye-brows, which produces for its Ornament such a wonderful Quantity of Hair, and of so prodigious a Length, that her Husband being a great Angler, Clips the poor Creature once a Year to make Fishing Lines of its Perriwig. I fancy those merry Blades are looking at the Woman, and pleasing themselves with a Thought of what a Curious Pair of Straps he has to draw on his Boots when he is bent upon a Journey.

As they were thus Talking, Time, who will stay for no body, calling them to their Business, they were forc'd to break off abruptly, and fall to drubbing their little Bells with their Herculean Truncheon still they had hammer'd out the Quarters, during the Moment they were performing which, the Boys looking up, cry'd out, Now *Bowden*, now *Kemp*; Well struck Mr. *Bowden*, bravely knock'd Mr. *Kemp*; which two Names, upon enquiry, I found were deriv'd from the Two Churchwardens, who, to eternalize their Memories, had Adorn'd their Parish-Church, at the Poor's Expence, with this notable piece of Clock-work. Upon which the Parish, in Gratitude to the Officers, who had been so Generous, conferr'd the Names of their Churchwardens upon their Wooden Representatives, that as long as the Two Loggerheads endure, the Fame of those who set 'em up, may never be obliterated.

I quitted my Perch, being quite tir'd to hear a Couple of senseless Logs talk Nonsense by the Power of two whimsical Spirits, who for want of better Business would play a small Game, rather than stand out; And mounting my self in the Air like any wild Goose, I flew over the Tops of the Houses a little way, and happen'd to settle again upon *Terra firma*, in a very populous Part of the Town, call'd *Chancery-lane*, where at the Mouth of a dark Thorow-fair, I see such a Parcel of busy Mortals, Skipping backwards and forwards, buzzing to one another as they came in and out, like so many wing'd Labourers belonging to a Bee-Hive. I squeez'd my Immortality thro' the Chattering Crowd, and came into a tenebrious Cloister, where at the Bottom of a large Pair of Stairs, I saw a Brother Devil spreading a Net, as Busily, as if he had been turn'd Bird-Catcher. Pri'thee honest Brother, said I, what art thou going to do here. Hush, hush, says he, be but a little silent, and you shall see I'll have a Six Clerk presently. You had as good, said I, take the whole Half Dozen, when your hand is in, and the rest of the Clerks in the Office will be very much oblig'd to you. All in good time, quoth Brother *Nicolas*, and then the rest may afford to be more wicked; for Vice is now grown so dear, that none can practice it but those who have full Pockets; so that of late I can get none into my Clutches under a high Sheriff of a County, or a Justice of Peace at least.

After thus much Talk with the old Devil, I slip'd up into the Office of Iniquity, where I found a *Septigint* of *Chancery* Hawks, Mew'd up as close in their little Scribbling Conveniencies, as so many Green Geese Coop'd up in a Poulterers Shop. Some old Sages there were, but many young Libertines. So that Gravity sat rank'd with Giddy Brains, like antient *Divinity* and Modern Plays in a young Parson's Library. Those amongst 'em who

were

were most Rich, seem'd by their Apparel to be most Needy; and those who had least to do, seem'd by their Hurry to be most Busy. Some with *Pauper* Clients at their Elbows, sat yawning over their Papers, like a Taylor over a Creditor's Suit that's working for a dead Horse. Whilst some, putting their Hands in their Pockets, sat cursing the Stamp, and others the *Subpœna* Office; the Oldest and the Wisest look'd as subtle in their Holes as so many Foxes, expressing as much Thought in their Countenances, as if they were Projecting a New Method of Cozening their Clients, or Cheating their *Six Clerk* of his Fees. Vintners and Taylors flow'd in much faster than good Clients, not about Business in the Court, but for some Arrears due from the last Long Vacation; many Importunities I observ'd were us'd on all sides, but more for the Payment of old Debts than for the Dispatch of Business; of all sorts of Clients who had recourse to the Office, Women were the most Troublesome, some of 'em being as great a Plague to the Office as a Pole-Cat is to a Coney-Borough; A *Pauper* Client, I took Notice, might be easily distinguish'd from the rest by his Aspect, which was so Stigmatiz'd by the Neglect of his Business, that he look'd as Meagre, Vex'd, and Hagg'd, as a Horn-Mad Cuckold who had caught his Wife in Adultery, or an Old Country Wizard, that has nine Devils to suck him.

From thence, moving farther, I came to a Seat where one of the Scribes was quarreling with his Clerk for Snuffling like his Master; saying, That he did it on purpose to mock him: Indeed, Sir, not I, reply'd the Clerk, for my Father Snuffled before me, and all the Parish where I was Born, can Testify I have been a Snuffler from my Cradle; Well, Sirrah, says the Master, pray hold your Tongue then, if you cannot help your Snuffling, for I don't love to hear every Blockhead troubled with my Impediment. From thence I came to a Seat where a Finikin young Blade who sat ruffling of his Papers and rattling of his Pens, as if he had more Business than half the Office; but upon farther Examination I found he had but one Client, and he a Hog-Man at *Holloway*, who forc'd him to take his Fees out in *Sausages* and *Black-Puddings*. The next *Clericus in Curia* I came to, was the Blunderbuff of the Office, who was Charg'd with *Latin* Scraps up to the very Muzzle; A Stranger did but look him in the Face, and he gave a Flash in the Pan at him presently, so that he thought it the best way to move off, for fear he should have been shot in the Ear with some crabbed Phrase out of *Horace* or *Lucretius* would have puzzled a Grammarian. As I was thus walking my Rounds, up comes a Brother of the Quill, belonging to the Office, who no sooner made his Entrance amongst the equitable Fraternity, but up started every one in his Seat, like a Jack in a Box, crying out *Legit aut non Legit*; To which they answer'd themselves, *Non legit*, my Lord; the bashful *Clericus*, at whom the whole Office had levell'd their Irony, being Conscious of his own Failing, sneak'd again down Stairs, as much ashamed as a poor Cur that had scing'd his Crupper; and as soon as he was got out of Sight of his fellow Sinners, he set up his Heels, as if his *Posteriors* had been in a Cleft-stick, and ran to the *Rolls Tavern*, to embolden himself with a Flask or Two of Claret, that he might be the better able to bear with those Reflections, which his Modesty, (I presume) in Court, and not his Ignorance, had occasion'd to be thrown upon him. As I walk'd my Rounds about the Office, I happen'd to come to the Seat of an old Sophister, who I ob-

serv'd, Nick-nam'd every body that came near him with the Name of *Tom*. A North Country Fellow waiting for some Body in the Office, by Chance stood staring and gaping near the old Townsconey's Seat, who looking at the Country Tike as he was loitering about, call'd to him *Tom*, *Tom*, Hast thou any Business with me. Ne marry, not I, reply'd the Rural Coridon, you are mistain in your Man, for my Name's *Roger*. It's no matter for that, says the humorfome Cuff; for I always call a Man *Tom*, tho' I know his Name to be *Ferdinando*. Done you so, says *Roger*; and byth' Mafs, Ise always Call an aud scribe, an Aud Knave, tho' he be never so honest. This made the old Equity Fumbler a little angry, who reply'd, thou art a Country Fool, *Tom*; A Man that has Money enough is always a good Man. Remember Sirrah, from me, that a poor Man must be a Knave. As they were thus Disputing, a Hand Granado, thrown from the other End of the Office, hit the Countryman such a Box in the Ear, that made him ready to stagger; which unlucky Pellat bursting with the Blow, and being stufft with Dust and Sand instead of Gunpowder, so disguis'd the poor Tike with its nasty Composition, that he look'd as if he was a Yeoman of the Shovel to some Dirt Cart. Adfnines, says he, This is the Deel of an Office, I find a Man can't look about him here, but he must run the Hazard of forfeiting his Sight. By the Mafs, Ise find Iniquity more than Equity practis'd amongst 'em; For they can't be content to pick a Man's Pocket in their own way; but as soon as they have done, they are for picking a Man's Eyes out of his Head, that he should not peep into their Knavery. What's the Matter Countryman, says one of the Clerks Laughing. Matter enough, says he; Marry Ise think. I find he that comes into the Company of Rooks that is not a Bird of the same Feather, is likely to be ill pull'd and abus'd before he gets out again. Poh, says the young Clerk, what signifies a little Dust upon your Back, you know every man must eat a Peck before he dies. Ah, says the Bumkin, that's true, and I heartily wish all the Dust in your Office was at this time in your Bel-lies, and then my Back wou'd be free from it. They have only drudg'd you a little, said the Clerk, in order to make you Brown; for if you stay, they'll roast you by and by, as soon as the Fire's kindled. Na marry, says *Roger*, but Ise not like a Fule to tarry, for I find Honesty's always abus'd where Knavery flourishes, and so farewell t've. I mov'd a little further, and there I found an Attorney Jestling with a *Chancery* Clerk about new whitening the *Office*. Do you observe, says one, how finely we have Furbish'd up the Walls of our old Sanctuary. Ay, says the Attorney, I see it has done you great Service, for it makes your Seats abundantly the lighter; but when the Plaisterer's Hand was in, Pray, why did you not bargain with him to Prime over your Consciences; for I believe, generally speaking, they were as black as your Walls. It's a Sign, says the Clerk, we are repenting Christians; and that we have hung our Consciences in Mourning for the Sins of our Practice, when you Attorneys are so hardened in your Clandestine Querks, and unreasonable Bills, that you think it a Dishonour to your Profession to show Sorrow for your Knaveries. I'll tell thee what, says the Common-Law Scribe to the Equity Manager, whenever a Clerk in *Chancery* calls an Attorney Knave, it's no more than the Kettle calling the Pot black Arse; but when an Attorney returns the same to a *Chancery* Clerk, its but putting the Saddle upon the right Horse. Says a Stander-by, who was an Acquain-

Acquaintance; and if a Body should apply Knave to you Both, whether it might not be constru'd Killing Two Birds with one Stone; and which do you think of the Two would be the most abused? Efec, says one of them, that's scarce to be determin'd without a Bottle to be merry over: Upon which they all Laughing, adjourn'd to the Tavern, in order to decide the Matter. Another Mortal amongst the rest, having taken a large Morning's Draught, was lull'd by the Effects of the good Liquor into a Fit of Drowsiness, and Sleeping in his Seat with his Mouth open, I slipt down his Throat like a Sweeper's little Urchin down a foul Chimney, in order to discover what equitable insides they had to answer the Title of their Court, and the original Design of their Profession. I search'd for half an Hour every Cavity in his Entrails to find out his Conscience, whose dimensions I thought at first, might be very Capacious; but after a long Enquiry, foreign to my Expectation, I found the whole Collection of his Faith, Reason, and good Principles was contracted within the narrow Compass of a Bee's Honey Bag, that had I not seen by the Power of immortal Eyes, it must have remained invisible. Of all the Consciences I had ever yet inspect'd, I never beheld any in so mouldy a Condition, for every Article it contain'd that was good for any thing, was like a Coward's Sword, grown Rusty for want of using. I plainly discovered this diminutive Pilot which ought to steer the Actions of Human Life, had been formed in the Minority of him that slighted it, but never had received any Nourishment or improvement since he was first admitt'd into the Six Clerks Office, so that I find the Practice of a Court of Equity, as it is now order'd, is as great an Enemy to the growth of a Good Conscience, as the Juice of Dasse Roots, if given to Children, is to the growth of the Body. I left the little Dwarf of a Conscience which was Starv'd at Nurse for want of Spiritual Subsistence, (*i. e.*) good wholesome Instructions, to lie neglected as it had done for many years, and return'd into the open Office, to make some farther Observations; And as I was walking backwards and forwards among the Sons of Iniquity, whose Pens were running full speed over large Fields of Parchment, I happen'd to espy an Eagle-look'd old Gentleman opening his Snush-Box. I took a nimble Skip into his little Perfum'd Cupboard, stor'd with sweet pulveris'd Provisions to refresh his Nostrils, and up he snatch'd me, betwixt Finger and Thumb, and snuff'd me up his Nose among his *Portugal* Dust, as a Deer sometimes (according to Poetical Fiction) does an Addar. In searching round the inside of his Bony Globe, I found it furnish'd with more Snush than Brains; for half an Ounce of the one, there was an Ounce of the other; his Imagination was forming nothing but Ideas of Rich Plaintiffs and Defendants, and his Memory only a Compleat Register of the Courts Proceedings: Having found by the Furniture of his Noddle he was an Artist in his way, I also Div'd into his Bosom to examine what sort of Conscience an expert *Chancery* Clerk thought necessary for the well Management of his Business to the best Advantage; and when I came thither, I found my self in such an immensurable Field, that its Bounds were invisible, it was perpetually fanned with such sharp Breezes of a hungry Air, that render'd all the Appetites of the Body insatiate. What good instructions he had imbibed from his Parents and his School-Master in his Minority, were so abominably choaked up with *Chancery* Weeds, that they could never produce their
natural

Natural Fruit, or answer the profitable End that was intended by them. A desire of unreasonable Gain had corrupted the whole dominion of his large Conscience, insomuch, that a parcel of *Devils* were playing at Shettle Cock with the best of his Principles, because he had no occasion for them. After I had looked about me a little, I returned well satisfied; and overhearing a Surgeon giving a gentle Dun to a Smock Fac'd Spark for Money due upon the old Account, ever since the last Long Vacation; And having a desire to peep into the Art of Pill-making, and dark Mystery of Surrenging, I took possession of the Tool: Mender, of which in a little Time you shall hear further.

F I N I S.

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